

Ready  
on  
Thursday

# FAUST and LOOSE

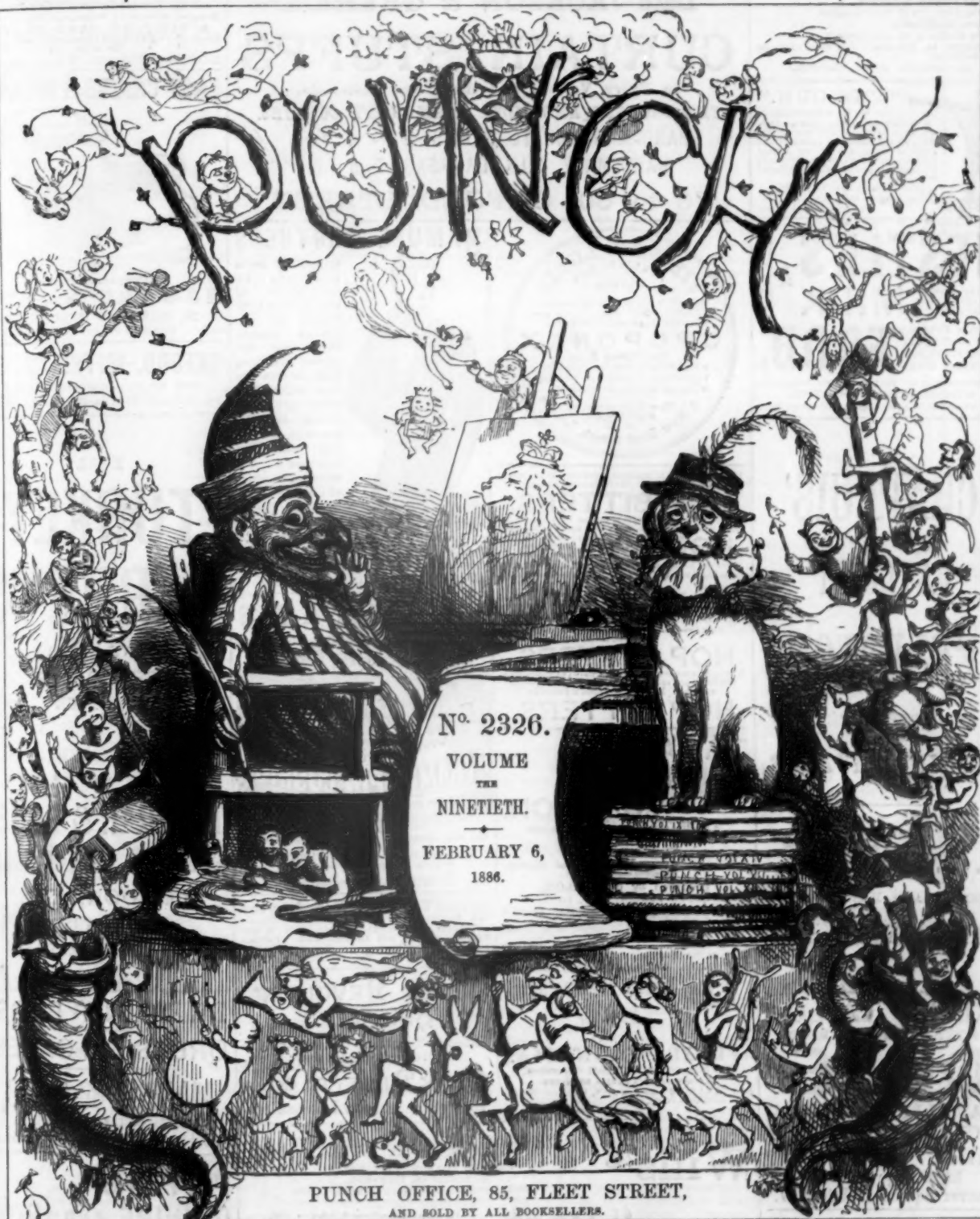
BY F. C. BURNAND.

Price  
One  
Shilling.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.,  
Bouverie Street, E.C.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

## Schweppé's Tonic Water

Carriage Paid on Full and Empties  
to and from any address in the  
United Kingdom.

SODA,  
POTASS,  
SELTZER.

3s. 6d. per Dozen,  
exclusive of Bottles.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

- For February, price One Shilling, contains:—
1. The Great Gladstone Myth.
  2. The Situation in Egypt. By R. Hamilton Lang.
  3. Poetry and Politics. By Ernest Myers.
  4. February Fillydye. A Sonnet.
  5. A Champion of Her Sex. By W. Minto.
  6. Footprints.
  7. Some Random Reflections.
  8. Long Odds. By H. Rider Haggard.
  9. Moses Mendelssohn.
  10. The Arollad: An Epic of the Alps.
  11. Matters in Burmah. By Major-General McMahon.
- MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.



## "THE GUN."

By W. W. GREENER.  
A MOST interesting book on Firearms, Historical and Descriptive, gives all information required by the users of Guns, and is not merely readable, but entertaining. 780 pages, 450 illustrations, 10s. 6d., of all book-sellers.  
CARSELL'S, LD., LONDON,  
Or the Author, W. W. GREENER,  
48, Haymarket, London

# NESTLE'S MILK

Also well adapted for CHILDREN and INVALIDS.  
THE ONLY PERFECT SUPPLEMENT AND SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHER'S MILK.  
Recommended by the Highest Medical Authorities in England and all parts of the World.  
Prepared at Vevey, Switzerland. Sold everywhere.

# CHAPPUIS' DAYLIGHT REFLECTORS

supersede  
GAS IN DAYTIME.

**P. E. CHAPPUIS,**  
PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER,  
69, FLEET ST.

LADIES' TAILOR  
TO ROYALTY and the ELITE.  
**DORE**  
TRAVELLING GOWNS,  
JACKETS, & ULSTERS.  
What the "QUEEN" says:—"The Perfection of Fit and Finish."  
13, George Street,  
Hanover Square, London, W.

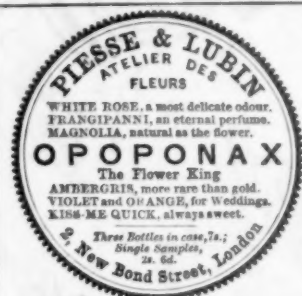
**BEST HAVANA CIGARS.**  
AT IMPORT PRICES.  
The greatest Connoisseurs, the keenest Buyers, and the best Judges of value now purchase their Cigars at  
**BENSON'S, 61, St. Paul's Churchyard.**  
10s., 20s., & 30s. per 100. Samples, 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).

# COLLINSON & LOCK,

Late JACKSON & GRAHAM.

## CURTAIN STUFFS

In Every Variety and the Finest Materials.  
THE RICHEST AND MOST PERMANENT COLOURS.  
HAND-MADE CRETONNES, from 1/- a Yard.  
HAND-MADE SILK DAMASKS, from 7/6.  
76 to 80, OXFORD STREET.



If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
If you are a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, to restore brain and nerve waste, take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
If you are young and growing too fast, or if you are suffering from the effects of any over-indulgence, take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
If you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take  
**HOP BITTERS.**  
Have you DYSPEPSIA, RIBBET OF THIRANT COMPLAINT, disease of the STOMACH, BOWELS, LIVER, or NERVES? You will be cured if you take  
**HOP BITTERS.**

## TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Loosage for  
CONSTIPATION,  
Hemorrhoids, Pile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion.  
Prepared by E. GRILLON,  
40, QUEEN STREET, CITY, LONDON.  
Tamar is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation, nor interferes with business or pleasure. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists. 2s. 6d. a box, stamp included.

GOLD MEDALS—DUBLIN, 1883; BOSTON, 1883; LONDON INT. EXHIBITION, 1884.

**SIR JAMES MURRAY'S**  
FOR ACIDITY,  
INDIGESTION,  
HEARTBURN, GRAVEL, AND GOUT.  
**FLUID MAGNESIA.**  
The Inventor's Pure Original Preparation.  
Is bottles almost double usual size.  
SIR JAMES MURRAY & SON, Chemical Works,  
Graham's Court, Temple Street, DUBLIN.  
RABBIT & SONS, Frinton Street, London.

**Wills's**  
"Best  
Bird's-Eye."  
Is now supplied to 4 oz. and 2 oz. Patent Squares Packets, in addition to the sizes and styles hitherto sold.

## SAMUEL BROTHERS



respectfully invite applications for PATTERNS of their NEW MATERIALS for the Present Season. These are forwarded post free, together with the ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST, containing 250 Engravings, illustrating the most becoming and fashionable styles of Costume for the wear of Gentlemen, Youths, Boys, and Ladies.

**SAMUEL BROTHERS,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.  
65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

## D. F. TAYLER & CO.'S



The most useful and economical form in which Pins can be bought.  
SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS.  
SAMPLES (POST FREE), 6d. STAMPS.  
89, Newgate St., London, E.C.

**EVERY GARDEN and every GARDENER** suited with a superb collection of ROSES, at prices ranging from 2s. 6d. to £20. Carefully packed, and Carriage Paid. For full particulars, apply to  
**KWING & CO., MANAGER, MANCHESTER.**

**STEEL REVOLVING SHUTTERS**  
Fitted in Town and Country by the Original Patentees,  
**CLARK BUNNETT & CO., LIM**  
RATHBONE PLACE LONDON W.

**W. D. & H. O. WILLS,**  
BRISTOL, LONDON, BIRMINGHAM,  
MANCHESTER, HAMBURG.  
French Agency: FRIS, RUE SOFIE, PARIS.

Antwerp International Exhibition, 1891.  
GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR (HIGHEST AWARD).  
PRIZE MEDALS—London, 1862; New Zealand, 1865; Amsterdam, 1883; London, 1884.

## RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CREST AND ADDRESS DIES

ENGRAVED AS GEMS, from Original and Artistic Designs.  
**NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES,** Stamped in Color Relief and Illuminated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colors.  
All the New and Fashionable Note Papers.  
HERALDIC ENGRAVING, PAINTING, & ILLUSTRATION.  
**A VISITING CARD PLATE,** Elegantly Engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed for 4s. 6d.  
**RODRIGUES, 42, Piccadilly, W.**

## EASY CHAIRS & DIVANS.



MANUFACTURED BY  
**HOWARD & SONS,**  
26, BERNERS STREET, W.  
DESIGNS ON APPLICATION.

**OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.**  
ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

# REAL TURKEY CARPETS

HAVE NEVER  
BEEN SO LOW  
IN PRICE  
AS AT PRESENT.  
IMPORTED  
BY

**TRELOAR & SONS,**  
68, 69, & 70, LUDGATE HILL,  
LONDON, E.C.  
Established 1832.  
TEN PRIZE MEDALS.

**DRESSING BAGS.**  
**DRESSING CASES**  
**MAPPIN & WEBB,**  
MANUFACTURERS. Catalogue Free.  
Oxford St., W.; & Poultry, City; London.

**PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC**  
HEALTH.  
STRENGTH.  
ENERGY.  
Gives great Bodily, Nerve, Mental, and Digestive Strength. Notice, 2d dose, sold every where. Insist on having FARRER'S Tonic.



## THE HORSES IN THE GARDEN.

COVENT Garden, of course. The Great International Circus, under the management of the People's Canterer, WILLIAM of Holland, deserves to be a great success. Unfortunately, on the occasion of my visit, Signor PAUL CINQUEVALLI, "L'Incomparable," was prevented by illness from performing, so I did not see what I am



informed is the most wonderful part of the show. But we saw Miss JESSIE O'BRIEN, the Lady Jockey, a very graceful and clever "act," and Mr. GEORGE BATTY on the perfectly bare-backed and relentless steed. What a sight Rotten Row would be if all equestrians were brought up to ride like Mr. BATTY and Miss O'BRIEN, and all horses trained to be so obedient! In the hunting-field all dangers from being dragged, in the stirrup, all chance of girths breaking, in fact all trouble and saddlery expenses avoided by the employment of the Bare-Backed Steed. Then there were Misses ELVIRA and GISELLA on the slack wires—a feat they could have performed with ease out-of-doors during the recent snow-fall, when the overhead-wires were slackened everywhere.

Miss NELLIE REID, "with her celebrated leaping-horse, Sydney," delighted us; though, when I observed the word "celebrated," I began to think how "out of it" I must have been for years, seeing that this was the very

## A Wiry Couple.

first time I had ever seen, or even heard of, the "celebrated" horse, Sydney. My loss I admit, and so, *au revoir*. What I always love to remark is the air of disdainful indifference assumed by the *Equestrienne*, when she is being carried round the Circus by the horse at a walk, or is standing still in the intervals between the scenes of her "act." How she ignores the Clown! With what a lazy look of half-awakened curiosity she casually scans the audience, apparently disposed to regard them as intruders, or admitted as a favour to see her take her usual riding exercise. Then, when she can no longer refuse to recognise the existence of Mr. Merryman, and when that eccentric Droll, with the permission of the Ring-master, places his hand on his heart, and effusively addresses to her a declaration of his passion, how she looks down on him from her saddle with a sweetly deprecating smile, as though she would say, "Poor fool! how I pity thee! but how I despise the Ring-master and the public who encourage thee! But there, the hoops are ready. Away poor Fool! and—hoop-là!"

A Circus is a great pleasure to most of us, I imagine, greater perhaps than, as rational beings, we care to admit.

There is a great feature, great even where all is great in the Great International Circus, and that is the Great International Band, dressed in scarlet and gold uniforms, gallantly conducted by Marshal JOHN FITZGERALD, who looks the personification of Martial Music in his blue and gold uniform and his heroic moustache. No wonder that, under such leadership, this brave band attacks with admirable precision, accompanies the horses over the bars, and urges them on to victory! The band of a Circus is ordinarily a conventional affair; but this is, as I have already said, a very strong feature of the show; and, but that we have come to see the horses, might well have a quarter of an hour's performance all to itself. By the way,—*Happy Thought*,—why shouldn't the



Napoleon Holland; or, The People's Canterer.

Musicians come in mounted on horseback, and give us a Grand Instrumental, Ornamental, and (of course) International Overture, Entr'acte, and Finale? A Galop performed by the Orchestra on trained steeds, conducted by Marshal FITZGERALD with his Marshal's *bâton*, would be something to draw all London and the Provinces. Four ponies to one on its success. Pause, WILLIAM of Holland, before you reject for ever the idea thus offered you by such a regular beggar on horseback as

HARD NIEBS.

P.S.—Excellent House the night I was there; and, going round to view the stables, I was glad to observe that the stalls were quite full.

PP.S.—I have not yet seen Mr. COGHAN's new drama, *Enemies*, at the Prince's, written, I believe, for Mrs. LANGTRY. There is, I hear, an idiot in it; not the first on the stage by many, but, I am told he is a great idiot. That eminent and stately tragedian, Mr. KEMBLE, plays, so I read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the part of a "dissolute nobleman." All, to whom Mr. KEMBLE's aristocratic bearing is familiar, will acknowledge that he must look and play the part to perfection. Fortunate Managers to have such a chance for a pictorial advertisement all over London. "The Beauty! the Idiot! the Dissolute Nobleman!!! All now appearing at the Prince's Theatre! Walk up! walk up!"

*Trois Femmes pour un Mari* is to be seen at the Criterion. It is said to have been most successfully adapted by Mr. RAE. "Who?" asked somebody a trifle deaf. "Hoo-Rae!" answered Mr. C. WINDHAM after the first night. The title in English is as clumsy as the French—*The Man with Three Wives*. Why not *Much Married?* or a *Rae-union?*

A new dramatic author has appeared. Young Mr. WILLIAM SAPIE. His comedy, called *Speculation*, produced at a *matinée*, was not particularly strong or original; even the Meemermism has been used before in a three-act farce at TOOLE's, but whose it was I forget. However, Mr. SAPIE's is at all events a fair start, and that it is not from a foreign source is a point in his favour. He'll succeed after he has worked at the trade, or, as the school-boys say, after he has "sapped" at it. His literary future is as yet a matter of *Speculation*. N.

## A PARTICULAR COMMUNICATION.

STATE FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

## ACT I.

*Ministers parting after a recent final Cabinet Meeting.*

Lord S-l-sb-ry (finishing his concluding remarks). Well, then, that's settled. We go out. A great bother the QUEEN being down at Osborne. Dear me, I never thought of that. I can't manage it in this weather. I have it, I'll telegraph.

Sir M. B-ch. Or send someone? Why not ROWTON?

Lord S-l-sb-ry. Capital! Of course, that's what I'll do; I'll send ROWTON. She won't want me. Yes, ROWTON shall start at once.

*Dispatches him forthwith, with instructions to make a "particular communication" to HER MAJESTY, and then proceeds to make his own arrangements for the next day, mapping out his time carefully as Scene closes.*

## ACT II.

Lord S-l-sb-ry (discovered taking a hurried luncheon after a morning spent in official interviews. Looks at the clock). Ah! nearly three. ROWTON ought to be about having his audience now. I wonder how he's getting on. Lucky job I thought of sending him, for really, rather than face that three hours to Portsmouth, and then that crossing in the fog, to finish up with, why, I'd—(Enter a Messenger with Telegram. Gives it to Lord S-l-sb-ry. He opens it.) Ha! a Telegram—and from ROWTON. Let's see what he says. (Reads.) "I'm no use. You're to come at once." Come at once, and I was to see HATZFELDT at four. Bother! This comes of resigning. I told BEACH what it would be. Here am I, at my age, obliged to go tearing up and down the South-Western like a school-boy out for a holiday. Really, at such a crisis, Her MAJESTY ought to be upon the spot, or, at least, let one manage by deputy. Here—bother! Where's Bradshaw?

[Consults it, and finds he has just twenty minutes to catch a train. Pulls himself together, and manages it by throwing over all his appointments, and leaving everything at sixes and sevens. Finally, after facing the three hours to Portsmouth, he arrives at Osborne after dark, when he is shown in to HER MAJESTY, and again repeats, at her request, a "particular communication" to her, with sulky courtliness.

THE Burnley Factory Girls, who in the eyes of their masters, are, as far as their "giving themselves such hairs" goes, peculiarly unsatisfactory girls, won't have their fringes interfered with. They say it is infringing their rights. Fringes have gone out of fashion, but if the Burnley girls think they look better when they've "got 'em on," for goodness sake let 'em wear them.

## MUZZLING THE GREEK DOG.



N.B.—The newspapers said "there is a pause in the action of Greece." Observe "the paws in the action of Greece," as shown by our Artist.

*Canis loquitur:—*

EVERY dog has his day, and I thought mine was come;  
But Hope's promise once more turns out only a hum.

Oh, bother the blue-eyed deceiver!  
Bow-wow! All their plaguy "precautions" and stuff  
Against what *they* call madness are simply enough;

To put a poor tyke in a fever.

Sheer rabies indeed! What an insolent error!  
Fact is, though they're big, they are frantic with terror  
At me and my shining incisors.

See how they all cluster and clamour around me!  
Long since, if they could, they'd have hanged me or drowned me.  
My *soi-distant* "friendly advisers."

*Cave Canem?* Oh, yes! There'd be pretty fine work,  
If I once got my teeth in the calf of the Turk.

The bloated, burglarious old noodle!  
He has robbed and ill-used me for ages, and now  
Must they check me as soon as I raise a bow-wow?

'Twould "put up" the veriest poodle!

SAXE





## THE EARLY BIRD.

*Mr. Maydew slips on an old Coat and Hat, and exercises himself by sweeping the Snow from his Gate.*

*News-Boy (who does not recognise the Proprietor of "Larkhall Villa"). "HULLO, OLD 'UN, YOU'RE ON THE JOB EARLY! 'SHOULDN'T 'A THOUGHT THEY'D 'A BEEN UP TO GIVE IT YER. 'MEAN TO LOOK SHARP WI' MY PAPERS, AN' COME OUT AN' MAKE A EXTRY BOB OR TWO MYSELF!"*

Oh, just once to fix on his flesh! It would puzzle  
The best of them, then, the Greek "Growler" to muzzle.

*I'd scatter 'em!—just ask GENNAIUS.*

But shut in like this in a circle of foes!—

Ah, shouldn't I like to pin one by the nose?

*Then the circle would widen its radius.*

And GLADSTONE, too! *He prate of patience and duty,*  
As though he were BEACONSFIELD's self. *Et tu Brute!*

*A fig for a friendship so flabby!*

*I haven't a friend, that is painfully plain,*

When the great HOMER-worshipper bids me refrain,

*And I'm even deserted by LABBY.*

## SCARCELY COMIC!

*(The Latest "Funny" Story from Burmah.)*

THE luckless Prisoner, bound hand and foot, awaited tremblingly the fatal signal. In front of him stood a file of soldiers, with loaded rifles, prepared to deliver the death-dealing volley. In his rear a stone wall—overhead a clear sky and a bright sun. All was ready for the tragedy.

Then there was a far-off murmur, which increased in volume and came nearer and nearer. What was it?

The Prisoner turned his eyes towards the quarter from whence the sounds proceeded. He had heard of British justice, in his boyish days he had read an old English story, in which the condemned, on the eve of his execution, had been reprieved. Was he reprieved? Did this murmur, that had now grown into a shout, mean that he was to escape from the jaws of death?

Evidently the firing-party were of that opinion, for they "ordered" their arms and stood at attention. The Officer in command stepped a few paces forward, and awaited the instructions of the Provost-Marshal, who he now discovered, was galloping towards him, followed by an orderly carrying a tripod.

"Stop, stop!" shouted the Provost-Marshal, holding up his hand in the greatest excitement, "Don't fire! Don't fire!"

Then came a mighty shout of "Reprieved!" and the Prisoner raised his eyes skywards, and almost fainted from excessive joy.

The Officer ordered the firing-party to unload, and brought them into "fours right," with a view to marching them off the ground, when he was angrily accosted by the Provost-Marshal, whose orderly had dismounted to fix the tripod already mentioned.

"What are you about, Sir?" he exclaimed. "Who gave you orders to retire your men?"

"I presume, Sir, the execution is countermanded; or, at any rate, postponed," replied the Company Officer.

"Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, as the light is now excellent, the sooner you get to work the better," was all the Provost-Marshal's retort.

The Officer turned to his men once more, and, with an air of disgust, gave the order to load. The Prisoner trembled in every limb with an agitation too terrible for words. "Ready!—present!—"

"Stop!" again shouted the Provost-Marshal. "What are you doing? I haven't got the focus yet."

"Well, Sir," replied the Company Officer, dryly, "perhaps you had better give the word yourself."

"Thank you, I will," said the Provost-Marshal, withdrawing his head from some black calico curtains to turn to the firing-party.

"And now, my men, take your time from me. As I say 'Three!' I will remove the cover. But don't fire before or after. I want to photograph him as he dies! One—two—three! Capital! I don't think he moved!"

A RESIDENCE FOR MR. ARCH, M.P.—"Hind's Observatory," that is if the worthy M.P. has no objection to Hind quarters. Or would he like Saville Roe? After a season or two in town the Son of the Soil will become so highly polished, that he will be known as the Marble ARCH, M.P. By the way is it true that he has refused to become a Mason, lest the Craft should insist upon his being made a Royal ARCH?

## A RED-HOT COLE.

LORD COLE made a foolish speech,—as he has conclusively proved by explaining it,—at Fermanagh, when he recommended the employment of Protestants to the exclusion of Catholics, because the former were Loyalists and the latter Nationalists. If he had advised his



Viscount Cole's Entertainment, Jan. 13.

tenants to prefer Unionists to Separatists, without reference to creed, it would have been sufficient. It does not follow that because an Irishman is a Protestant, he is therefore, what is termed, a Loyalist; Mr. PARNELL being a notable example to the contrary. It is such hot burning Coals as this one, that, on both sides, are so dangerous to the powder-magazines of the Irish temperament. In our illustration we show Lord COLE giving an entertainment in the style of his peaceable and mirth-provoking namesake, the Ventriloquist Lieutenant. This glowing pictorial COLE comes from a FURNISS.

## "THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. T. AND MR. H."

Or "Two Single Gentlemen rolled into One."

## CHAPTER I.—Story of the Bore.

MR. STUTTERSON, the lawyer, was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile, not even when he saw a little old creature, in clothes much too large for him, come round the corner of a street and trample a small boy nearly to death. The little old creature would have rushed away, when an angry crowd surrounded him, and tried to kill him. But he suddenly disappeared into a house that did not belong to him, and gave the crowd a cheque with a name upon it that cannot be divulged until the very last chapter of this interesting narrative. Then the crowd allowed the little old creature to go away.

"Let us never refer to the subject again," said Mr. STUTTERSON. "With all my heart," replied the entire human race, escaping from his button-holding propensities.

## CHAPTER II.—Mr. Hidanseek is found in the Vague Murder Case.

MR. STUTTERSON thought he would look up his medical friends. He was not only a bore, but a stingy one. He called upon the Surgeons when they were dining, and generally managed to obtain an entrance with the soup. "You here!" cried Dr. ONION, chuckling. "Don't speak to me about TREKYL—he is a fool, an ass, a dolt, a humbug, and my oldest friend."

"You think he is too scientific, and makes very many extraordinary experiments," said STUTTERSON, disposing of the fish, two entrées and the joint.

"Precisely," replied ONION, chuckling more than ever—"as you will find out in the last Chapter. And now, as you have cleared the table, hadn't you better go?"

"Certainly," returned the Lawyer, departing (by the way, not returning), and he went to visit Mr. HIDANSECK. He found that individual, and asked to see his face.

"Why not?" answered the little old creature in the baggy clothes, defiantly. "Don't you recognise me?"

"Mr. R. L. STEVENSON says I mustn't," was the wary response; "for, if I did, I should spoil the last chapter."

Shortly after this Mr. HIDANSECK, being asked the way by a Baronet out for a midnight stroll, immediately hacked his interrogator to pieces with a heavy umbrella. Mr. STUTTERSON therefore called upon Dr. TREKYL, to ask for an explanation.

"Wait a moment," said that eminent physician, retiring to an inner apartment, where he wrote the following note:—

"Please, Sir, I didn't do it."

"TREKYL forge for a murderer!" exclaimed STUTTERSON; and his blood ran cold in his veins.

## CHAPTER III.—And any quantity of Chapters to make your flesh creep.

AND so it turned out that TREKYL made a will, which contained a strange provision that, if he disappeared, HIDANSECK was to have all his property. Then Dr. ONION went mad with terror, because, after some whiskey-and-water, he fancied that his old friend TREKYL had turned into the tracked and hunted murderer, HIDANSECK.

"Was it the whiskey?" asked STUTTERSON.

"Wait until the end!" cried the poor medical man, and, with a loud shriek, he slipped out of his coat, leaving the button-hole in the bore's hand, and died!

## CHAPTER THE LAST.—The Wind-up.

I AM writing this—I, TREKYL, the man who signed the cheque for HIDANSECK in Chapter I., and wrote the forged letter a little later on. I hope you are all puzzled. I had no fixed idea how it would end when I began, and I trust you will see your way clearer through the mystery than I do, when you have come to the imprint.

As you may have gathered from ONION's calling me "a humbug, &c., &c.," I was very fond of scientific experiments. I was. And I found one day, that I, TREKYL, had a great deal of sugar in my composition. By using powdered acidulated drops I discovered that I could change myself into somebody else. It was very sweet!

So I divided myself into two, and thought of a number of things. I thought how pleasant it would be to have no conscience, and be a regular bad one, or, as the vulgar call it, bad 'un. I swallowed the acidulated drops, and in a moment I became a little old creature, with an acquired taste for trampling on children's brains, and hacking to death (with an umbrella) midnight Baronets who had lost their way. I had a grand time of it! It was all the grander, because I found that by substituting sugar for the drops I could again become the famous doctor, whose chief employment was to give Mr. STUTTERSON all my dinner. So much bad had been divided into the acidulated HIDANSECK that I hadn't enough left in the sugary TREKYL to protest against the bore's importunities.

Well, that acidulated fool HIDANSECK got into serious trouble, and I wanted to cut him. But I couldn't; when I had divided myself into him one day, I found it impossible to get the right sort of sugar to bring me back again. For the right sort of sugar was adulterated, and adulterated sugar cannot be obtained in London!

And now, after piecing all this together, if you can't see the whole thing at a glance, I am very sorry for you, and can help you no further. The fact is, I have got to the end of my "141 pages for a shilling." I might have made myself into four or five people instead of two,—who are quite enough for the money.

## TO BUMBLE.

BLESSED BUMBLE, well we know  
How you treated us 'mid snow:  
Left it lying in the street,  
Terrible to weary feet;  
Now the same insensate law  
Leaves us helpless in a thaw.

Streets are wet, then in a trice  
Lo! the surface gleams with ice;  
Heavy snow comes, apt to "ball,"  
While the toiling horses fall;  
Later, BUMBLE sees the mud  
Roll in Acherontic flood.

People, getting frantic quite,  
Letters to the Press indite;  
BUMBLE's flabby finger goes  
To his erubescens nose;  
Don't they wish, he seems to say,  
They may get it cleared away.

Autocrat of London town,  
We are helpless 'neath thy frown;  
Locomotion at thy will  
Ceases, and the city's still.  
Englishmen! take heart of grace,  
And drive BUMBLE from his place!

THERE has, of course, been a rush of New Members to purchase Mr. HENRY LUCY'S Shilling *Popular Handbook of Parliamentary Procedure*. No New Member should be without this in his coat-tail pocket. To mere outsiders it is interesting, and about as useful as a Manual of Freemasonry to any one who, being a man, is not also a Brother. The *Popular Guide* will not make one of the Non-Elect an "old Parliamentary Hand" any more than getting CARLISLE'S *Manual of Freemasonry* by heart will make a fellow-craftsman of the uninitiated. Some of the old forms and ceremonies are very quaint, or, at all events, read so. The *Popular Handbook* tells us that the Comptroller, bringing in the formal reply to the Address, "stands at the Bar, distinguished by his uniform, holding a white wand in his left hand and a roll in his right." The Comptroller must look like a Fairy Baker, or the Good Genius of Her Majesty's Household Bread. But, buy the book, it is well worth studying, and far more real value for the money than any ordinary reader will get from the purchase of the latest unwholesome pot-boiler of the Shilling Sensational Shudderer Series.



## AMATEUR WORK.

(By a New Hand.)

SINCE the days of my boyhood when, unsolicited, I re-hammered the drawing-room grand with a quantity of old kid gloves cut in strips, which I subsequently fastened on with paste, I have always been of opinion—notwithstanding the fault afterwards found with the tone of the instrument—that there was a great deal that could be done by oneself in a house, without having recourse to outside professional assistance, provided you only set about it in the right way. It was, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction that I read the following advertisement, that seemed at once to respond to the chord that had already been struck in my own being. Here it is:—

Now ready, Price 6d., Post free, 7d.,

## AMATEUR WORK. ILLUSTRATED. FOR FEBRUARY.

Be your own Carpenter and Builder.  
Be your own Decorator and House Painter.  
Be your own Cabinet-Maker.  
Be your own Plumber and Gasfitter.  
Be your own Organ Builder and Violin Maker.  
Be your own Printer, Lithographer, and Bookbinder.  
Be your own Upholsterer and Picture Frame Maker.  
Be your own Shipwright.  
Make your own Furniture.

See AMATEUR WORK. THE FEBRUARY NUMBER NOW READY.

Now there could be no mistake about this. Here was the whole gamut of trade, at one's very hand, to be run through without the intervention of the tradesman. To tell the truth, much as the announcement delighted me, it did not take me by surprise, for I had already in several domestic departments inaugurated the scheme of "home work" with, I flatter myself, very fair prospects of success; and though I may claim to have become my own painter and decorator, and am about, I trust, to become my own builder also, still I wished to develop into my own violin-maker, to say nothing of being, as soon as I could manage it, my own printer, bookbinder, and upholsterer, and so I sent for the Number in question; but of this more anon. My present business is, by a reference to my own experience, to throw such additional light upon Amateur Work, practically carried out, as will induce the beginner who might otherwise be discouraged, to persevere with some hope of attaining ultimate success. And I cannot perhaps do better than begin with that simplest of all domestic processes, the Re-papering of a Room, giving my rough notes of my own experience of the business, jotted down at the time:—

"Commenced dining-room this morning. Flock-paper to be first stripped off. Not having any ladder, place, with the assistance of the man who sweeps the crossing at the corner, the sideboard on the dining-room table, and an arm-chair on the top of that. Stand on the arm-chair, and begin at the top. Find that the paper adheres obstinately to the wall. Crossing-sweeper suggests scraping it with a carving-knife. Try it. Break a couple, and give it up. Evidently walls require damping. Proceed to damp them at first with crossing-sweeper's broom, dipped in a pail of water. No use. Only little bits peel off. Crossing-sweeper says he thinks the walls want a "regular good soaking." No doubt he is right, and I endeavour to administer one by standing in the middle of the room by a constantly supplied wash-tub, from which I pitch pailfuls for five hours in all directions. Place streaming. Am informed that the kitchen ceiling beneath has given way, and come down. Am not surprised. To facilitate matters, I send to the nearest Ironmonger's for a hydrant, and go over it all once more. Efforts successful. By tearing it first with a toasting-fork, and then dragging it forcibly with a coal-shovel, the paper is slowly detached. Sit up all night at it. Stick to it the next day, and the next night too, but get it nearly all off by the afternoon of the third day.

So much for my rough notes on "preparing" the walls, to which I can add nothing but that I fancy that the next time I had to repeat the process, I should certainly throw open the dining-room windows, and set the chimney on fire, in the hopes of attracting the notice of the Fire Brigade, as I am convinced that their prompt arrival on the scene with their engines would, at a small cost, effect a great economy of labour, and saving of valuable time.

But to proceed. Being not only my own Paper-hanger, but own Artistic Decorator as well, I had determined on a bold experiment in taste. Half-way up the wall I intended to try a sombre dado, but above this a frieze of, if possible, Greek dancing-figures. These last, however, I was unable to obtain anywhere. I tried at the Stores, but it was of no avail, and the nearest approach I could get to what I wanted was a bundle of unused theatrical posters, the subject I secured being one, I fancy, used in the advertising of a sensation drama produced some short time ago at Drury Lane, and representing two men quarrelling on a mast in the midst of a shipwreck. Of this picture I had secured two dozen, and as the figures were life-size, I felt no doubt that their repetition round the dining-room, above the dado, would, though not precisely carrying out my original

design, nevertheless convey an impression of the exercise of much artistic originality and unconventional taste.

But the telling of how I dried and sized my walls, trimmed my paper (a most troublesome process with nail scissors), and finally hung my frieze, I must relegate to some future occasion.

## GERMAN AS HE IS WROTE.

To all who remember with appreciation that inimitable little work, *English as She is Spoke*, we can confidently recommend the perusal of a neat and handy little volume entitled *The English-German Correspondent*, by HOSSFELD. That, however, this is by no means a One-Hoss-feld effort, a very cursory perusal will amply testify, the little volume in question effectually making good its promise that by its aid "anyone acquainted with the English language will be enabled to compose a letter in German" straight off on any commercial subject whatever. Indeed, every department of trade is touched in its pages, and from the floating of a company to the sinking of a ship, nothing appears to be left out. Any intending emigrant to Samoa could not do better than provide himself with HOSSFELD'S *Correspondent*, that in any international misunderstanding could be appealed to with good effect. What, for instance, could be better than the following concluding sentence from the chapter headed "Litigious Affairs":—"Wir rechnen auf Ihre freundschaftlichen Bemühungen, um die streitigen Punkte auf zufrieden stellende Weise auszugleichen?" This would pacify the most fire-eating German Captain at once.

LODGERS IN THE LANE.—The Drury Lane Lodge of Freemasons was opened a week ago. Lord LONDESBOROUGH, whom we welcome back to active service after his late most serious accident, is the Master. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, representing one side of Human Nature, is the Senior Warden; and the very latest Solicitor-General, Sir JOHN GORST, the Gorst of his former self, the Junior Warden. ARABI MASHA BROADLEY is the Secretary; and Mr. PETTITT, the other side, or "little" side, of Human Nature is the Junior Deacon. Among the members is Brother THOMAS THORNE, and then WOODVILLE is next on the list; but surely this is a misprint for "Vaudeville"—at all events, coming after T. THORNE, it looks very like it. Then there are Brother GLYNDS (the tragic Brother), and CHARLES (his friend) WYNDHAM, and Brother HERBERT CAMPBELL, the Comic Singer. Where at the opening ceremony was Mr. HARRY PAYNE, with the red-hot poker? Mr. T. H. BOLTON, M.P., was present in evening costume, wearing one of his "Extraordinary Ties,"—he spells it "Tithes" in his Bill, but it is evidently "Ties." Dr. W. H. RUSSELL—"Square" made the speech of the evening, and the two Wardens delighted the company with a duett, "*We've been to the East, we've been to the West*," which was rapturously received. The Drury Lane Lodge kept it up till a reasonable hour, and then went from labour to refreshment, which they found in sleep.

## SHILLY-SHALLY.

(By a Loyal but Anxious Liberal.)

Ain—"Sally in Our Alley."

Of all the follies on our part  
There's none like Shilly-Shally,  
A weakness that the Liberal cart  
Upsets continually.  
There's not a cry,—Home-Rule,  
Church, Land,—  
To which I will not rally,  
But there's one thing I cannot stand,  
That's foreign Shilly-Shally.

Of policies absurd and weak  
The worst is Shilly-Shally.  
If Office we're about to seek,  
I fear that principally.  
Put to the test, I'll do my best  
Enthusiastically,  
And follow GLADSTONE like the rest,  
But oh! don't Shilly-Shally!

Let "Pussy" be allowed to purr,  
As Leader, musically;  
But not as Foreign Minister,  
To play at Shilly-Shally!  
If at the F. O. we may see  
True nerve and nous, O Halle-  
Lujah! how happy we shall be  
Saved, saved from Shilly-Shally!

"THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS."—A Correspondent writes to say that Mr. Punch was wrong in his arithmetic last week when he told everyone to read his eighty-nine volumes, and make up the difference by "reading the last five twice over." And," says he, "he will then only have done 94." No, Sir; that note appeared in the 90th volume; this reply appears in the 90th volume, as you will perceive. Good: you have finished 89 vols. You are reading vol. 90. Good. Take five volumes, any five, double them. Now, either twice five is ten, or it is not. But, assuming the first hypothesis to be true, let  $a = \text{Punch volumes}$ , then  $5a \times 2 = 10a$ . Then  $10a + 90a = 100a$ , i.e., One Hundred Punch Volumes, and there you are! Or, if not, where are you?

NOTICE OF MOTION.—That, with a view to the improvement of Parliamentary procedure, the Black Rod be immediately placed in pickle.



## MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE THERE IS A STEEP HILL—SO WE TURNED ALL THE BATHS WE COULD FIND INTO TOBOGGANS AND HAD A GLORIOUS TIME!"—Extract from *Julia's Correspondence*, January 25.

## THE FRIEND OF AGRICULTURE AND THE NEEDY NEW VOTER.

A CONTRIBUTION TO MODERN ANTI-JACOBINISM.

(Imitated from the celebrated Sapphics of Canning and Frere.)

FRIEND OF AGRICULTURE.

NEEDY New Voter! Whither are you wending?  
Bad are the times, and hard upon your order.  
Prices fall fast;—your stomach feels a vacuum,  
So does your pocket!

Nubby-knee'd rustic! little know the proud ones,  
Who at their button flaunt the expensive orchid,  
What dreary work 'tis delving all your days, and  
Ending a pauper.

Tell me, GILES JOSKIN, whom your vote inclines to.  
Is 't the rich Rad, who only aims to use you?  
Or the kind Squire? or Parson of the Parish—  
Lavish of blankets?

Is it sly JOE, who's playing his own game, or  
Arch-diddler ARCH? Are you the dupe of "ransom,"  
Or roguish land-schemes, baited with that bogus  
Cow and Three Acres?

(Have you read *Popular Government*, by Sir R. MAINF?)  
Tears of compassion tremble on my eyelids.  
Tell me your tale; turn up those Rads, and trust the  
Pitiful Tory.

NEEDY NEW VOTER.

Tory? Lor' bless ye, he has proved a sell, Sir.  
What hath he done for I, or for the farmer?  
This poor old hat and breeches, yon bare acres,  
Show him a diddle.

Promised Protection? Boh! Can't take me in so.  
Cow and Three Acres? That's a Tory scare-crow;  
But there be some small hope in altered land-laws  
And small allotments.

I should be glad to think yer honour loved us;  
Might, if ye'd been the first to gi' us the Vote now.  
But do ut des,\* as BIZZY puts it; that is  
My politics, Sir!

FRIEND OF AGRICULTURE.

Give thee the Vote? I wish we'd seen thee starved first.  
Wretch! whom no thought but gain can move to gratitude;  
Sordid, uncultured, Socialistic, stupid  
Radical cat's-paw!

[Kicks the New Voter, compares him unfavourably with the  
intelligent Conservative Working Man, and exit in a transport  
of Constitutional enthusiasm and universal Anti-Jacobinism.]

\* Evidently GILES now reads his newspaper.

## WISHES FOR SIR WILFRID.

(On his Egyptian Tour.)

1. THAT he may get rid of all his ale-ments.
2. That he may be recognised on the banks of the Nile as a jolly good Fellah.
3. That the Red Sea won't make him an Ultra-Radical.
4. That he will induce the KHEDIVÉ to sign the pledge.
5. That he may rescue Egypt from the dominion of a Sublime (and trusted) Port.
6. That he may bring back a really good Temperance Drink.
7. That he will invest the new MAHDI with a Blue Ribbon.
8. That his presence may conduce to the (harmless) elevation of the Egyptian people.
9. That he may strike a blow at the worst of the Egyptian bonds—the Soudanese slave-trade.
10. That his sojourn at SHEPHERD'S Hotel, at Cairo, may be marked by the introduction of a satisfactory "Liquor Bill."

THE BITTER CRY OF LONDON (IN THE SNOW-TIME).—"Ave yer door done, Mum?"



# BULL IMPERIAL STORES



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!!!"





## PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

"PROBATE, DIVORCE, AND ADMIRALTY DIVISION (DIVORCE)."

ONE of the privileges of those who practise at the Bar is unquestionably the great respect they obtain at the hands of their non-professional relatives, when any legal point seems to require settlement. The fact that So-and-so is a Barrister, in the lay-mind, is equivalent to endowing So-and-so with all the attributes of a Lord Chancellor. Thus it comes that my Maiden Aunt, who lives a very quiet, retired life, in a secluded village in Devonshire, whenever she requires assistance in a matter of difficulty, appeals to me for help. It happens that this estimable lady has recently been making her will, and with my assistance (of course, aided by her own Solicitor), has been prospectively presenting my children with that pleasantly quaint little interest, merrily known amongst lawyers as a "vested remainder." It is scarcely necessary to say that while these tiresome formalities have been in progress, my Maiden Aunt has been enjoying our hospitality at Burmah Gardens.

"My dear," said my admirable relative to me one morning, "I have never seen you in your wig and gown—can't you take me into Court, and let me hear you conduct a case?"

As it happened, this request, at the moment, was most embarrassing. As luck will have it, I have noticed that whenever my Maiden Aunt stays with us, I have no brief—this has occurred on several occasions—it was again the case. So I explained, that at the moment I was devoting most of my time to Chamber practice (which I described as the delivery of opinions on intricate points of law, and the like), and had no time for merely appearing robed before a Judge and Jury; a matter, I suggested, of minor importance.

"But surely all the greatest men at the Bar appear sometimes in Court; don't they, my dear?" queried my Aunt.

"Oh, certainly," I replied, in an airy manner, "when they have nothing better to do."

And then I hastened to say, that although, for the reasons I had given, I had no special case of my own requiring decision in open Court, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accompany her to a hall of justice.

"I should like to go with you where you most practise. Where is it?" Again my Aunt's inquisitiveness became embarrassing.

"I devote most of my energies to Probate and Admiralty," I replied, somewhat curtailing the name of my Division, because my Aunt is very "particular," and "serious." She never goes to theatres, and considers even Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, although most amusing, "a sadly frivolous young gentleman."

So one morning, when the rather sudden postponement of a Sunday School excursion into the country had disarranged my admirable relative's list of engagements, I undertook the pleasant task of piloting her into the Court of Admiralty. I was robed early, and, with my Aunt by my side, I obtained admission to the well-known realms of that most admirable authority upon all matters connected with a life on the ocean wave, Mr. Justice BUTT. Rather to my surprise, the Court was full of ladies. There were ladies disputing the Benches generally hypotheated to the Junior Bar, ladies in the public gallery, ladies in the Judge's special box, ladies on the Bench—in fact, ladies everywhere.

"This seems to be a very interesting case of shipwreck," I said to my Aunt. "I have never noticed so many of the fair sex here before. You will observe that anchor;" and then I gave the history of the emblem of hope recently erected (apparently in a spirit of railery) in our Division. "By-and-by a silver oar will be brought into Court," I continued, "and his Lordship on the Bench will have the assistance of Brethren of the Trinity House, in undress naval uniform, as assessors."

"Will you tell me who these all are, dear?" said my Aunt, looking with awe at my learned friends and colleagues.

Anxious to afford every information, I gazed round, expecting, of course, to see the leader of the Court, that most excellent gentleman and statesman, the Prince of WALES' Attorney-General; strange to say, the once Stage Manager of the Cambridge A.D.C. (alas! how many years ago!), was conspicuous by his absence, but in his place sat another distinguished Cantab, whose triumphs, however, were gained in the Cricket Field rather than in the Theatre; and next to him was Mr. Inderwick, Q.C. Among the silks, too, I noticed some of the most eminent men at the Bar. Behind them appeared a number of familiar faces. They belonged to Juniors like myself.

At this moment his Lordship entered the Court, which, of course, caused a general rising. The Bench and the Bar, with gestures of mutual respect, exchanged greetings.

"Now," said I, in a whisper, "we shall have the Trinity Masters, and you will hear a story of the sea that I hope will interest you."

There was a hush. The ladies craned forward, and brought their fans and opera-glasses to the front, and a distinguished Junior read the pleadings. I could scarcely believe my ears! What had I done? For a moment I was stunned—almost unmanned! I cursed myself a hundred times for my carelessness. I thought of my poor children

with their "vested remainders" that could disappear in a moment if a certain document were to be torn by a justly angry woman! I did not dare to face my indignant Aunt! What could I say in excuse?

It seemed to me, as I listened to Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., as that learned advocate clearly set forth a number of necessary but embarrassing facts, that explanation was impossible! The wronged female by my side was quite silent. I did not venture to look at her, but felt that a torrent of reproaches was ready to hand to be poured on my luckless, inconceivably silly head. Oh, why had I not inquired of the Usher whether Admiralty cases were being taken? Or even Probate matters would have been tolerable. But this! Here was my Aunt actually, at my invitation, assisting at a trial that she would never have heard of had it not been reported *verbatim* in all the daily papers! It seemed like a horrible nightmare, a death-dealing practical joke! However, now there was nothing to do but to sit out the opening, and then withdraw with my no doubt rightly denunciatory Aunt before any witnesses could be called to substantiate Mr. Inderwick's statement.

With a white, scared face, I stonily gazed at the clock as the hands moved slowly round. At length, after a most impressive peroration, in which he mourned over the depravity of human nature, as exemplified in the case under consideration, Mr. Inderwick resumed his seat. It was then that I ventured to address my Aunt, in a voice trembling with deep, but suppressed emotion. I told her that we would go now, and as a concession, to try to regain her justly forfeited good-will, offered to accompany her to any meeting with a philanthropical object that might be being held at the moment at Exeter Hall. "Oh no, dear," replied my Aunt, to my unbounded astonishment. "From what that gentleman has said, it seems the case is a most interesting one—I should like to sit it out." And she did!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## HARMONY FOR HIBERNIA.

UPON my word and honour,  
I read T. P. O'CONNOR,  
Till the Irish Pig  
Seemed dancing a jig,  
PARNELL seemed an angel, and HEALY a Whig,  
Upon my word and honour!

WE understand that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR's panegyrical pean (in two volumes) entitled, quite suitably, *The Parnell Movement*, has suggested to one of our leading musicians the theme for a sort of Musical Masque of an Arcadian character, in which the gentle spirits of the Irish Parliamentary Party will take the leading parts. It will be called *The Groves of Blarney*. We cannot reveal the plot, which is Irish, and therefore, of course, is kept dark. But we are happily in a position to indicate some of the characters.

Mr. PARNELL, the Coryphæus, will be a Gentle Shepherd of sweet temper and engaging demeanour, Virgilian in style, with a dash of SHENSTONE. Shy and retiring by disposition, with so tender a heart that even the pastoral necessity of sheep-shearing is almost too much for him, he will be forced, by circumstances beyond his control, to the position of King (uncrowned—the insignia of power being hateful to him) over an Arcadian people in unwilling revolt against sanguinary tyranny. One touching point in the piece is when, at the moment when he should be mounting the Car of Triumph in the final procession, he is discovered, with his coat off, ciphering assiduously at a more than usually puzzling and lop-sided Subscription List.

Mr. BIGGAR plays the part of a Niobe-like Nymph, with more than the Mulberry One's capacity for "turning on the main." This lachrymose creature is a swineherdess, in the sense in which Circe was so over the companions of Ulysses after their transformation. She is not ashamed of her occupation, or, indeed, of anything, her utter imperviousness to that emotion being the "note" of her character, and the pride and joy of her companions. But though unashamed, she is in other matters of so exquisite a sensibility, that a single "Bravo!" has been known to cause her to "burst into tears."

Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY takes the rôle of a truly Virgilian Swain, with a taste for eclogues, and a fondness for kid.

Mr. SEXTON is a village Demosthenes, whilst Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN is the Tyrtæus of the fields.

Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, on the contrary, is the three Parcs rolled into one—cold as Clotho, lethal as Lachesis, and inexorable as Atropos—in appearance. At heart he is as sentimental as LETITIA LONDON, and as punctiliously humanitarian as a *Spectator* antivivisectionist.

Mr. HEALY will "create" a very complex part, involving psychological problems more subtle and insoluble than any of Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S. In the piece he will be found at his best at night, which he always passes in sleepless contrition for the impetuous—but well meant—insolences and outrages which characterise his daily walk and conversation.

Gentle O'KELLY, rellicking EDWARD LEAMY, urbane O'BRIEN, tender-souled T. P. O'CONNOR himself, and others of the simple saintly set are fitted with rôles equally appropriate.



### TRUTH SOMETIMES BETTER THAN FICTION.

*Pictor Ignotus.* "TELL ME, JONES, TELL ME CANDIDLY—DOES THIS PICTURE OF MINE REMIND YOU AT ALL OF TITIAN, OR REMBRANDT, OR VELASQUEZ?"

*Jones (who is candour itself).* "WELL—A—MY DEAR FELLOW, CANDIDLY, YOU KNOW, AND SINCE YOU ASKED ME, IT—A—DOESN'T!"

*Pictor Ignotus.* "OH, THANK YOU FOR THAT WORD! THOSE FELLOWS WERE ALL WRONG, YOU KNOW!"

### WHO'S TO FILL IT?

THE Report of the Dock Yard Management Committee, dated January 12th, is now published, and furnishes some interesting information as to the duties devolving, under the new regulations, upon the Civil Assistant to the Admiral Superintendent. According to the Report, the functions to be discharged by this ubiquitous official are of no common kind. Not only is he expected to advise the Admiral "on all questions of a professional or technical character," but also to act as a sort of moral buffer between his chief and the heads of the various Departments in the Yard, as he will "be held responsible as between the Admiral and the Departmental Officers for the distribution of labour." He is further to be looked to "to report all hindrance or irregularity of work," "to take cognisance of any idleness on the part of the subordinate officers or men," and keep himself so well informed of the progress of all the current work, that he "can furnish the Superintendent at any hour with the state of operations at any part of the Yard." But the demands on his activity and intelligence do not end here. It is added that, to enable him to do this, he will be called upon "constantly, and at uncertain intervals, to visit the various parts of the Yard, including the various workshops and all ships on board of which workmen are employed."

The fulfilment of this last duty, which, necessitating, as it does, an unbounded activity with a capacity for suddenly springing on to the scene and turning up quite unexpectedly, seems to indicate some acquaintance with previous training as a pantomime sprite, ought to test severely the physical powers of the Civil Assistant. That the Authorities regard it in this light is clear, from their expression of opinion that though he be allowed an office in which to retire, he is not when there "to be hampered" by any work whatever—a judicious provision, which may enable him to recover himself for another round. He is, however, warned that whatever irregularities he may discover, he "must observe the greatest courtesy" in their detection; a direction he might possibly comply with by bursting in on his inquisitorial visit, hat in hand, with a smile on his countenance and some such polite phrase as, "I hope I don't intrude!" or "Pray, don't mind me!"

On the whole, the duties of the new Civil Assistant to the Admiralty seem to demand the exercise of both moral and physical qualities of a high order; and it is to be hoped that whoever gets the appointment will be prepared to display simultaneously a remarkable fund of refined intelligence, gymnastic activity, and diplomatic tact.

It is to be hoped that the Duke of EDINBURGH's recent visit to Berlin has turned out entirely to His Royal Highness's satisfaction, and that he managed in his double interview with Prince BISMARCK to get the figure he had fixed on for the sale of his rights of succession to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. One thing looks well. He met the reigning Duke, with whom he had such disagreeables in 1883, and appears to have "made it up" with that potentate. This is as it should be, for it is only fitting that the Duke, when bent on raising a little money, should, as a matter of course, take care to be on good terms with his Uncle.

WHATEVER disadvantages are popularly supposed to attach to a residence in Eastern Europe, at the present moment, certainly expensiveness of living cannot be reckoned among them. It appears that the Montenegrin patriot, PEKO PAULOVITCH, not long since received a grant of land from the Servian Government, and £3 a month, upon which sum he managed to support an entire family of thirteen persons (including five children) in "comparative comfort." This feat, that would startle even a British farm-labourer, he, however, was destined completely to eclipse, when a change of Government occurring, he had to betake himself to Bulgaria. Here his pension was cut suddenly down to five shillings a week, but PEKO PAULOVITCH seems to have managed to make ends meet even on this reduced stipend, and though he is at the present moment at Odessa, on his way to visit his son at Orenburg, apparently rather hard up, yet, no doubt, he will soon turn up again at Tirnova, and begin practising his highly successful economy as rigidly as ever. The statistics he could furnish would be invaluable in this season of agricultural depression, in the midst of falling prices and general indigence. Mr. ARCH ought to get hold of him at once.

### NOT PICCADILLY ROAD.

(Street Ballad sung by 'he New Thoroughfare.)

AH! call me anything you please.

"Haymarket Gardens," if you choose.

Or, planted all my length with trees,

"Boulevard" perhaps might suit your views?

Or "Cranbourne Row," or "Seven Dials Place,"

No matter—I can bear the load.

But oh! do not my site deface,

And name me "Piccadilly Road!"

If "Bradlaugh Avenue" were vain

Some other names the case might meet.

There's "Arch," or even "Chamberlain."

Would both sound well tacked on to "Street."

"Grand Old Man Lane" some tastes might strike,

And pay in part a debt long owed:—

But there,—pray call me what you like,

But oh! not "Piccadilly Road!"

### EXCESSIVE MODESTY.

THE *Times* suggests that possibly the reason why wealthy Londoners and others do not eagerly compete for the honour of helping forward the proposed Beaumont People's Palace at the East End, is that Millionnaires are so modest! If that is really the reason of the indisputable and discreditable fact that our Millionnaires display so little munificence and public spirit, *Punch* can only parody the popular couplet, and say:—

"Such 'modesty' admits of no defence,  
For want of public pluck is want of sense."

Let the Millionnaires "do good," not necessarily "by stealth," but with open boldness, by sending in their spare thousands to the Beaumont Trustees for this excellent work; and if they "find it fame," Mr. *Punch* assures them they will have no sort of need to "blush."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM  
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

"THIS IS THE COW THAT TOSSED THEM OUT," &amp;c.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Jan. 25.—RANDOLPH, with rose in his button-hole and handkerchief hanging out of his breast-pocket held on by the hem, à la BOUQUE, had a good time to-night. Question Burmah, HUNTER submitting on Address, Vote of Want of Confidence in Ministers. Usual hitherto for Members at least to learn the way to the Cloak Room, and to find their way down to the Terrace before they attempt to unseat Minister of the day. New Members of New Parliament have changed all that. In addition to HUNTER's great feat two New Members to-night positively moved the adjournment of Debate because the House would not listen to them!

One was Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, who has spoken every night since the Queen's rising short-self again, sooner did upon them tion. Sir accepts it as procedure, though the



Exterior of the Temple, by Our Con-Temple-lative Artist.

Speech was read. To-night RICHARD, ly before midnight, proposed to be him-as on Thursday and Friday. No Members catch sight of him beaming than they set up a roar of execra-RICHARD getting used to this now; a part of ordinary Parliamentary Stood waiting with benignant smile, twitching of his moustache betrayed inward emotion. Pretty to see Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL nursing his knee, and looking on with sweet content. He knew something of this, but at least he had been in the House more than three days before it began to roar at him. House has promptly made up its mind about Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, and when it does so it is inexorable for all time to come. Henceforth he may as well go and address Niagara as attempt to talk in the House of Commons.

"Why is it, TOBY, dear boy?" he said to me, with a tear in his voice, after the contest was over, and he had sat down, beaten and depressed.

"Well, Sir RICHARD, since you have asked me plainly, I will answer you frankly. I think it's your moustache. House of Commons is, as you have already learned, much like a lot of Undergraduates at Commemoration. They take a violent

objection to a particular hat, or a necktie, or a gentleman with a bald head, and peremptorily insist upon its instant removal, even though, in the case of the bald head, it would be fatal. House cannot stand your moustache, Sir RICHARD. The way it bristles at the Liberal Party, personally threatens Mr. GLADSTONE, and makes the SPEAKER tremble in his shoes, is aggravating. Make up your mind either to sacrifice it, or your chances in Parliament. Don't do anything rash. A hair pulled out every day would speedily make your Parliamentary fortune."

"It's a little hard on me," said Sir RICHARD, rubbing the offend-

ing attraction wrong way, and making my flesh creep with terror. "They don't say anything about RANDOLPH's."

"No; but look at the difference. There's a polished, disciplined, even deferential look about RANDOLPH's moustache that counteracts his nightly aggressiveness. Now you, I believe, are not naturally aggressive,—really a mild, companionable man. It's your moustache that does it. Excuse plain words, and, perhaps you'll think, undue magnifying of trifles. But trifles carry great weight in the House of Commons; and, besides, you couldn't call your moustache a trifle.

Business done.—Further Debate on Address.

Wednesday Morning.—One o'clock in the morning and the House of Commons in state of intense excitement. House crowded in every part. Side-galleries filled, a throng at the Bar, a crowd round the

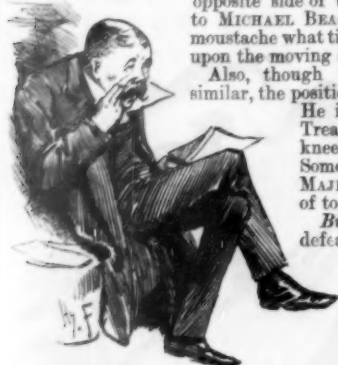


Unseated Members.

SPEAKER'S Chair, Members sitting in the Gangway, and standing up on the Back Benches. Motion is that the Address be agreed to. JESSE COLLINGS has moved Amendment embodying great principle of Three Acres and a Cow. Tellers just in. Clerk at table receives report from JESSE COLLINGS, and hands him back the paper which means that Amendment has been carried. Then mob below the Gangway on Liberal side break up like the sea rent by torpedo explosion. They leap upon the benches, shout themselves hoarse, and cheer like madmen.

Fancy I've seen something like this before. It was June then, an hour later in the morning. But in its main features the scene was identical. The same crowded House; the same sudden upheaval in the very same quarter; the same leaping on benches, and the same shouts amid which rises the triumphant cry "Coercion! Coercion!" Only one figure I look for in vain. There is someone standing up

on the corner seat below the Gangway waving his hat and throwing up his arms. But it's not RANDOLPH. RANDOLPH sits on the opposite side of the House in near contiguity to MICHAEL BEACH, and tugs nervously at his moustache what time he looks with forced smile upon the moving scene opposite.



Randolph Meditating.

Also, though the scene is so curiously similar, the position of GLADSTONE is changed.

He is not sitting to-night on the Treasury Bench with pad on his knee writing to the QUEEN. Someone else must tell HER MAJESTY of the strange chances of to-night.

*Business done.*—Government defeated by 329 Votes against 250.

*Wednesday Afternoon.*

—Passing through Euston Station this afternoon, came upon the Markiss. "Hope your Lordship isn't going to run away and leave us?" I remarked,

with that genial playfulness that endears me to my friends. "No, TOBY, I'm waiting for Mr. SMITH. Would you mind keeping me company?"

Not at all. Always like a chat with the Markiss.

"Of course we're out, you know," he said, "and I'm not sorry, for it's been a hard, unsatisfactory time. Making bricks without straw used to be considered bad when in its day it was the Egyptian Question. But it's nothing to attempting to carry on a Government without a majority."

"Well, cheer up, Markiss. You, at least, have come out of it well. I should say, at a moderate computation, that within the last seven months you have raised your reputation as a statesman by fifty per cent."

"Praise from Sir HUBERT TOBY, is praise indeed," said the Markiss, with a courtly bow. "Ah, here's the train, and here's our Mr. SMITH. How do, SMITH? Pleasant journey across the Channel?"

"Not very. But I've done my duty, and have brought you home a policy."

"Thank you, but you're a little late. You've not been gone long, it's true, but in the meantime we've found a policy, and it has landed us out of office. No, thank you, don't trouble to open your carpet-bag. Don't care to see any of your samples. The thing's done. See you in the House, shortly, TOBY. Good-bye!"

Struck me, as they walked off, that SMITH looked a great deal smaller coming back from Ireland than he did when he set out.

*Thursday.*—Another crowded House. Everyone on tiptoe of expectation. Will the Government resign, or have they pleasant little surprise in store by announcement of Dissolution? Not long to wait to know all. HICKS—



The O'Smith. Small and early. The return.

BEACH rises from place where GLADSTONE stood on the Twelfth

of June, and in same mysterious manner announces dispatch of Communication to HER MAJESTY. Wild horses wouldn't draw from him more then. But everybody knows what the Communication is. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH resumes his seat. No one rises to speak. A Motion for immediate Adjournment agreed to, and with sudden, simultaneous movement, the crowd on the Benches on either side rise and meet in a broad and turbulent stream on the floor, making for the doorway.

So curiously like the scene of seven months ago!

*Business done.*—The Government's.

## "THE THIN RED LINE"—OF THE FUTURE.

(As it will be if John Bull does not put his Foot down.)

OH "Thin Red Line," the thought of which will still Make KINGLAKE's readers with proud passion thrill, How wilt thou fare in the next fray, if "found," By coggng knaves with steel that will not wound? "Give them the bayonet, boys!" How the old cry Will move the foe to mirth and mockery! Why need they fear brave hearts and iron hands, Why dread the charge that nought—till now—withstands, When blade and point, in which our heroes trust, Play false at the close pinch. Prone in the dust Of a lost field—by base home traitors lost— Betrayed by dogs who batten at his cost, Foiled by official fooldom, sold to death By skulking hucksters, with his latest breath How will the Mammon-murdered soldier curse The wretches who, to plump a felon purse, Doomed him to slaughter, and his land to shame! The Thin Red Line? A memory, a mere name, Spectral, reproachful as slain honour's ghost, Will be that title, once a nation's boast. If England doth not rise in righteous wrath, And sweep these traitorous hucksters from her path, Ere patriot hearts sardonic mockery feel In the old legend, "True as British steel."

## AN INTERVIEW AT OSBORNE.

*Monday Afternoon.* Mr. GL-DST-NE waiting. The QU-N enters.

H-r M-j-sty. Ah, Mr. GL-DST-NE, so glad to see you. Missed you cruelly for the last seven months, but feel all right again now you've come back. If there is a Minister I like to have about me, it's you. I feel so safe. No wars abroad. No turmoil at home. No blowing up of railway-stations all around us, as that funny RANDOLPH says. We can all sleep in our beds—or perhaps I should say in our berths—with you at the helm.

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Your M-J-STY does me too much honour.

The Qu-n. Not at all. They talk about dismemberment of the Empire, and all that. But now you're at Downing Street, and EDINBURGH's in charge of the Mediterranean Fleet, all my anxieties are over. By the way, how would you like to have CONNAUGHT as Lord Protector in Ireland?

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Ahem! Your M-J-STY will remember that old associations and memories would make the Irish a little chary about welcoming a Lord Protector. They had one once, you know.

The Qu-n. Yes, I forgot that; but whatever you do, don't have me up to town again to open another Parliament. I caught a very bad cold last week.

Mr. GL-dst-ne. I solemnly assure your M-J-STY that we shall now get on all right. The necessity for a dissolution is not within measurable distance, though what the dim and distant future may bear in its bosom, is more than I can say.

The Qu-n. Very well, I trust you entirely. Go on and prosper, and don't let us have any more dissolutions and crises.

Mr. GL-dst-ne (brightening up—he hadn't expected to be received so graciously). Your M-J-STY doesn't often visit the theatres nowadays, though I believe the Duke of ED-NB-RGH is not averse, upon occasion and terms, to take a box. But if you will graciously permit me to use a quotation from the late JOSEPH GRIMALDI, an Italian statesman of illustrious descent, I would say,—"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

[Exit, with toe-and-heel step, singing, "Rum-tiddy-iddy, rum-tiddy-ti!"]

## On a Late Ducal Outburst.

(By an Alarmed Liberal.)

OH WESTMINSTER, WESTMINSTER! Wild on the wing

As young birds are your words, which calm wisdom rebukes, It is clear that our Party—in terms of the Ring—

If the peace would maintain, must not "put up its Dukes."



# LIQUEUR of the GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

This excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Choleric Attacks and also the remedy for Indigestion, can now be obtained of all Wine Merchants. The late advance in the Customs duty not having been maintained, the Liqueur is again procurable at prices which bring it within the reach of nearly all classes. Sole Consignees.

W. DOYLE,  
2, NEW LONDON STREET, MARK LANE, E.C.  
SILVER MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION,  
LONDON, 1884.

## HEERING'S

ONLY GENUINE  
COPENHAGEN

Est. 1818. Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.  
9 Prize Medals. CHERRY  
PETER F. HEERING, London, 1884.

IMPORTED BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE ROYAL DANISH AND IMPERIAL RUSSIAN  
COURTS, AND H. H. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

## CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY

SIX PRIZE MEDALS FOR  
IRISH WHISKY. First Prize Medal,  
Philadelphia, 1876; Gold Medal, Paris, 1878;  
First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Prize  
Medals, Cork, 1882.

"VERY fine, full flavor and  
Good Spirit."—*Jurors* A ward, Philadelphia  
Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine  
a specimen as could wish to see."—  
*Jurors* A ward, Cork Exhibition, 1882.

THIS FINE OLD IRISH  
WHISKY may be had of the principal Wine  
and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to whole-  
sale merchants in casks and cases by

CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY  
LIMITED, MORRISON'S ISLAND, CORK.



## ST. JAMES' RUM

Imported direct from the Plan-  
tations of that name, known to  
produce the finest Rum in the  
West Indies.

This brand has attained a  
world-wide reputation for its  
fine aroma, excellent bouquet,  
and extreme age.

Sold only in square bottles with  
red capsules.  
Of Grocers and Wine Merchants  
everywhere, and

CHRISTIE'S,  
25, Milton St., E.C.

The OCEAN and the ANIMAL and VEGETABLE WORLDS laid under  
CONTRIBUTION to furnish forth an ELIXIR of HEALTH.

# SAMPHIRE SOAP.

A Combination of all that is INVIGORATING,  
REFRESHING, COOLING, and DELIGHTFUL,  
drawn from the most Warrantable Sources.

In SUMMER.—Samphire Soap keeps the body delightfully cool, checks  
excessive perspiration, and maintains the normal action of the skin.  
In WINTER.—Samphire Soap prevents chaps and roughness, and renders  
the skin soft and lissome, in a manner no other agent can do.

Ten-Shillingsworth (20 Tablets) of Samphire Soap provides a perennial Sea-Bath.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, GROCERS, ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN, &c.  
J. C. & J. FIELD, GOLD MEDAL OZOKERIT CANDLE WORKS, LAMBETH, S.E.

## TABLE KNIVES. SPOONS & FORKS.

MAPPIN & WEBB,  
MANUFACTURERS. Catalogue Free.

Poultry, City; & Oxford St., W.; London.

"A Perfect Frisette in Ten Minutes."

## HINDE'S Hair Curling Pins



PRODUCES  
CHARMING  
RESCENTS, &c.  
USED COLD.  
Surer and much  
more effective  
than curl  
papers.  
Comfortable—  
Invariable—  
Simplicity  
Itself.  
Sold in 6d. and  
1s. boxes by  
Fancy Dealers,  
or sample box for 7 stamps, direct from Messrs.  
Hinde's London Sample Room, 14, City Road, E.C.  
Also proprietors of the famous "ELLEN TERRY"  
HAIR PIN, which cannot possibly fall out when  
once placed in the hair. Sample Boxes—Very thin  
back, 6 stamps; solid aluminium gold, 14 stamps.  
Wholesale of Messrs. Hinde, Birmingham and  
London. BEWARE of cheap imitations, which  
are absolutely useless. Vendors will be  
rigorously prosecuted.

## D' Ridges Food.

## LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

In consequence of imitations of  
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,  
which are calculated to deceive the Public,  
LEA & PERRINS beg to draw attention to the fact that  
each bottle of the Original and Genuine  
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE  
bears their signature, thus—

*Lea & Perrins*

Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester,  
Cassels & Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen  
generally.  
Retail by Dealers in Groceries throughout the World.

## BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS  
AND PERFUMERS, IN  
ELEGANT CRYSTAL

TOILET CASKET

PRICE 2/6.

ALSO IN PATENT  
METALLIC BOX

PRICE 1/-



# S. & H. HARRIS'S STABLE REQUISITES.

WATERPROOF  
HARNESS COMPOSITION. EBONITE  
JET BLACK OIL. WATERPROOF BLACKING.  
FOR HARNESS. FOR BOOTS, SHOES, HARNESS, AND ALL  
SADDLE PASTE. POLISHING PASTE.  
(WATERPROOF) FOR CLEANING & FINISHING  
POUCH BLACKING. (WATERPROOF)

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, GROCERS, AND IRONMONGERS. Manufacture: 57, MARK LANE STREET, LONDON, E.

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL  
With Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

The only preparation of COD LIVER  
OIL that can be taken readily and toler-  
ated for a long time. As a remedy for  
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SCROFULOUS  
AFFECTIONS, ANEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY,  
COUGHS, and THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all  
WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN OF  
ADULTS, it is marvellous in its results.  
Prescribed and endorsed by the best  
Physicians.

Sold by all Chemists at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

## CATARRH SPECIFIC.

The CATARRH SPECIFIC is  
tasteless, harmless, and a  
certain speedy cure for cold;  
cervical cold, cold in the  
head, sore throat, cold in  
the chest, cold in the  
stomach, and dipeptic inflam-  
mation immediately. Sold  
in 1s. packets; postage free.  
J. H. JESSOP,  
Homeopathic Chemist,  
140, High Street, Oxford.  
No Agents.



COLT'S  
DOUBLE-ACTION  
ARMY REVOLVER,  
as supplied to U. S. War Department.  
COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY  
REVOLVER, as adopted by the United  
States Government.  
COLT'S "FRONTIER" PISTOL takes the Colt and  
Winchester Magazine Rifle Cartridge, 44 cal.  
COLT'S HOUSE REVOLVER, POKER REVOLVER,  
and DERINGER for the Vest pocket; best quality  
only. Colt's Revolvers are used all over the world.  
COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOT GUNS and  
LIGHTING MAGAZINE RIFLES, for India and the  
Colonies. Price List free.  
COLT'S FIREARMS Co., 14, Pall Mall, London, S.W.  
Agents for Ireland—JAMES HENRY & Co.,  
Gunmakers, Dublin.

## TONGA

THE SPECIFIC FOR NEURALGIA.  
"Tonga maintains  
its reputation  
in the treatment  
of Neural-  
gia."  
LANGST.  
"Invaluable in facial Neuralgia. Has proved  
effective in all those cases in which we have  
prescribed it."—Medical Press,  
2d. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. Of all Chemists.

## EPPS'S CRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA.

## TO SMOKERS

SEND FOR A SAMPLE OF  
BEWLEY'S celebrated INDIAN  
TRICHINOPOLY CIGARETS and CHEROOTS (with  
straw), of peculiarly delicious flavour and ex-  
traordinary strength. (See wrapper for full  
particulars. Vide Catalogue, 4 for 1s. (14 Stamps).  
BEWLEY & CO.,  
49, Strand, and 145, Chancery Lane. Est. 1780.

# HIGHEST AWARD Apollinaris HEALTH EXHIBIT 1884

## ELFERBURY'S WOPV FLY

INVALUABLE FOR  
INVALIDS.  
SUPPORTS LIFE FOR WEEKS WHEN  
NO OTHER FOOD COULD BE TAKEN.  
Dr. HARDWICK'S writes—  
"By invalids your Jelly will be hailed as  
great boon."  
Sold in Bottles, 4 pint 1s., quart 2s., direct from the  
Manufacture (Carriage Paid to any part of the  
Kingdom), or from any respectable Chemist.  
W. HUTTON & CO., 10, New Church Yard,  
Fenchurch and Teckington (late 100, Fenchurch).  
ELFERBURY CO., SHEFFIELD.

## THE NORMAL DIURETIC EXPERIENT Friedrichshall Mineral Water.



# BEDSTEADS.

Handsome Black and Brass Mounted from 30s. to £10. Brass French from 46s. to £20. 200 fixed for inspection. Canopies of every description. Two large Show-Rooms entirely devoted to the display of these goods.

# BEDDING.

Mattresses, 3-ft., Wool, from 14s.; Hair, from 34s. A New Spring Mattress warranted, 3-ft., 30s.; this, with a Top Mattress at 20s., makes a most comfortable Bed, and cannot be surpassed at the price.

Heal's Patent Sommer Elastique Portatif, of which 40,000 have been sold, is the best Spring Mattress yet invented, 3-ft., 42s.; this, with a French Mattress, 3-ft., 57s., makes a most luxurious Bed. Bolsters from 6s. to 25s. Pillows from 3s. to 21s. Blankets from 10s. to 70s. per pair. Down Quilts from 10s. to 40s. Lath-wood and Woven-Wire Spring Mattresses.

# HEAL & SON.

## BED-ROOM FURNITURE.

Plain Suites from £3. Decorated Suites from £8 15s. Suites of White Enamel from £14 to £50—similar to that exhibited in the Health Exhibition; a very choice selection of these goods. Ash and Walnut Suites from £12 12s. to £100. 300 Suites on View. Screens specially for Bed-Rooms, from 21s. Window Curtains from 20s. per pair. Easy Chairs from 35s. Couches from 75s. Carpets of every description, specially suitable for Bed-Rooms. Easy Chairs, in Leather, from 80s. Dining-Room Chairs, in Leather, from 24s. Writing Tables from 25s. to £20; a very large selection of these goods. Bookshelves from 7s. 6d. to 50s. Bookcases recovered. Mattresses remade from 7s. 6d. Bottle Cupboards from 17s. 6d. Estimation given before proceeding. Goods removed.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE BY POST.  
195 to 198, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

GOLD MEDAL, ANTWERP, 1885.  
**TADDY & CO., LONDON.**



"YOU SHOULD TRY THEIR MYRTLE GROVE."

## TOOTH-ACHE CURED INSTANTLY BY BUNTER'S NERVINE.

Which is admitted by Dentists and the Medical Profession to be the best known CURE for TOOTH-ACHE. To be had of all Chemists, 1s. 1d.

FOR FISH, CHOPS, STEAKS.  
**MELLOR'S SAUCE** IS THE BEST MANUFACTORY WORCESTER



## CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED 32 PRIZE MEDALS.

ANNUAL CONSUMPTION EXCEEDS 25,000,000 lbs.  
SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

## HIMROD'S ASTHMA REMEDY

Gives instant Relief in Cases of ASTHMA.

Merely burn a small quantity, and inhale the fumes. 4s. per Tin, of all Chemists, or post free for 60 stamps from the London Agents, BARNLEY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.



## THE KROPP Registered

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW-GROUND  
New Grindings.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.  
The finest Razor ever manufactured.  
Mr. Henry Irving writes:—"I find your Razors excellent." The money will be returned if the Razors are not as represented.

In Leather Case complete 8s. 6d. 7s. 6d.  
1 Pair in Leather Case 12s. 6d. 11s. 6d.  
4 Razors 22s. 6d. 20s. 6d.  
7-Day Cases complete 60s. 6d. 55s. 6d.  
From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depot,  
61, FRITH ST., SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

## MORTLOCK'S CHINA AND GLASS SERVICES,

as supplied to H.M. THE QUEEN and the COURTS OF EUROPE.

LARGEST COLLECTION IN LONDON.

Patterns Carriage Paid. Discount 10 per Cent.

OXFORD ST. & ORCHARD ST., W.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. The BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c. FOUR GOLD MEDALS awarded. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

## EAU DE SUEZ COMFORTABLE TEETH

The use of this valuable mouth wash keeps the ENTIRE PERIODONTIUM FROM TOOTHACHE AND DECAY OF THE TEETH. There are three kinds distinguished by a YELLOW, GREEN, and RED SILK THREAD attached to the bottle. The YELLOW stops instantly the tooth and VIOLENT TOOTHACHE. That with the GREEN is invaluable to persons who suffer periodically from toothache, sensitivity of the teeth and gums, decay and offensive breath, for by using a few drops in a little water to rinse the mouth, they will not only NEVER SUFFER AGAIN, but will preserve their TEETH SOUND AND WHITE TILL THE END. That with the RED is for children's use.

M. SUEZ also recommends a particularly good kind of soft Tooth-brush, made of the finest independent, and his ORANGE TOOTH-PASTE for the removal of tartar and whitening the teeth.

Through any Chemist, or direct from WILCOX & CO., Free by Parcel Post. Green Thread, 2s. 6d. Yellow Thread, 3s. 6d.; Red Thread, 5s. 6d. Orange Tooth-Paste, 4s. 6d. Sans Tooth-Brushes, 1s. 6d.

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Label bears the name "Wilcox & Co., 230, Oxford Street, London."

## CIGARS DE JOY

ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS

One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief to the worst attack of ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, and SMOTHERING BREATH. Persons who suffer at night from coughing, phlegm, and short breath, find it invaluable, as they instantly check the cough, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be used by ladies, children, and most delicate patients. Boxes of 25 Cigarettes, 1s. 6d., from WILCOX & CO. and all Chemists.

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each box bears the name "Wilcox & Co., 230, Oxford Street, London."

## HOOPING COUGH.—ROCHELLE'S

Effectual cure without internal medicine. Wholesale Agents, W. HARRISON & SONS, 15, Old Victoria Street (formerly of 67, St. Paul's Churchyard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 6s. per box.